SYNOPSIS.

the New York home of James Brood res and Riggs, his two old pensioners comrades, await the coming of od's son Frederic to learn the contents wireless from Brood, but Frederic. after reading, throws it into the fire and leaves the room without a word. Frederic bells Lydia Desmond, his flancee, that the measage announces his father's marriage and orders the house prepared for an impacting the state of the reading through the state of the s

CHAPTER II-Continued.

"It proves that your father has made mistake in selecting his friends, my ur. My dear husband used to say that he would cheerfully die for James rood and he knew that James Brood would have died for him just as readby. There is something in friendships of that sort that we can't understand. We have never been able to test our ids, much less ourselves. We-"

"I would die for you, Mrs. Desond," cried Frederic, a deep flush everspreading his face. "For you and Mydia."

"You come by that naturally," she mid, laying her hand upon his arm. Blood will tell. Thank you, Fredenc." She smiled. "I am sure it will met be necessary for you to die for me, however. As for Lydia, you must fire, not die for her."

"I'll do both," he cried, impulsively. Forgive me."

There is nothing to forgive," she mid simply. "And now, one word more, Frederic. You must accept this condition of affairs in the right wirit. Your father has married again, after all these years. It is not likely that he has done so without deliberafon. Therefore, it is reasonable to mesume that he is bringing home with tim a wife of whom he at least is proud, and that should weigh conmiderably in your summing up of the cituation. She will be beautiful, accomplished, refined-and good, Fredexic. Of that you may be sure. Let me implore you to withhold judgment until another and later day."

"I do not object to the situation, Desmond," said he, the angry gam. It is always just that way. He bees no chance to humiliate me.

"Hush! You are losing your temper

meet you, Mrs. Desmond?"

She was silent for a moment. "Of Brood is settled here I shall go." in his fingers. von expect me to be cheerfu and contented!" he cried, bitterly.

"Something of the sort," she said "My father objects to my going into ness or taking up a profession. I an dependent on him for everything. But why go into that? We've talked Merstand but perhaps you do. It's a ing's way of living."

Your father is making a man of

"Oh, he is, eh?" with great scorn. "Yes. He will make you see some that the kind of life you lead is



She Was Silent for a Moment.

to make it impossible for me to marry, traordinary impression that the slim, last letter you instructed her to finish might be broken between them if Mrs. Desmond. I've thought of it a lithe body was never cold; that she that-"

"And is it impossible?"

No. I shall marry Lydia, even though I have to dig in the streets at it."

"I wouldn't try to get at it, my dear," she said. "Wait and see. Come, you must have your coffee. I am glad you came down early. The old gentlemen are at breakfast now.

Come in." He followed her dejectedly, a perceptible droop to his shoulders.

Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs were seated at the table. Lydia, a trifle pale and distrait, was pouring out their third cup of coffee. The old men showed no sign of their midnight experience. They were very wideawake, clear-eyed and alert, as old men will be who do not count the years of life left in the span appoint-

"Good morning, Freddy," said they, almost in one voice. As he passed behind their chairs on his way to Lydia's side, he slapped each of them cordially on the back. They seemed to swell with relief and gratitude. He was not in the habit of slapping them on the back.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said he. Then he lifted Lydia's slim fingers to his lips. "Good morning, dear." She squeezed his fingers tightly and her eyes; she drew a long breath.

She poured his coffee for him every morning. Her hand shook a little as she lifted the tiny cream pitcher. "I didn't sleep very well," she explained her shoulder for a moment in a gentle

"Poor old Jim!" sighed Mr. Dawes. 'He'll probably have to ask us to vamaking a spare bedroom out of our me to introduce Mrs. John Desmond. room, so's she can entertain all of her infernal relations. Jones, will you comrade and-" give me some more bacon and another egg?"

"And I thought it was nothing but a shipwreck," murmured Mr. Riggs, plaintively.

Frederic hurried through breakfast. Lydia followed him into the library. joined the group. "Are you going out, dear?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes. I've got to do something. I eon.'

small bachelor apartment of two col. in direct contrast to her manner of the lege friends, a few blocks farther uptown, and he was doing the thing he her stepson. She barely glanced at "Well, who wouldn't? And here's did nearly every day of his life in a Mrs. Desmond. another thing—the very worst of all. surreptitious way. He sat at the How is this new condition going to cheap upright piano in their disor- fire and-oh, I have been so cold!" dered living-room and, unhampered by She shivered very prettily. the presence of young men who prepeurse I shan't stay on here, Frederic. ferred music as it is rendered for the just the thing." No one spoke as they Mahall not be needed now. As soon as masses, played as if his very soul was moved toward the library. "We must

# CHAPTER III.

The Bride.

Frederic flatly refused to meet the tomed to the cold." steamer when she docked. As if swayed by his decision, Dawes and it over a thousand times. I don't un- Riggs likewise abandoned a plan to be against her in the conflict that was bride as they came down the gang- a strange, new emotion rushed up with the chauffeur.

> It was half-past two in the after- The horizon cleared for him. noon when the automobile drew up in front of the house and the furcoated footman nimbly hopped down somewhat astonished at himself. and threw open the door.

he allowed his keen eyes to sweep the tached figure. windows on the lower floor. In one of them stood his son, holding the lace hand to the man on the sidewalk. Brood responded with a swift, almost perfunctory gesture and then held out his hand to the woman who was de-

Frederic's intense gaze was fixed on the stranger who was coming into his life. At a word from Brood, she but his eyes were charged with an it be a good beginning." expression of acute wonder. He had never looked upon a more beautiful creature in all his life. A kind of stunetaction held him motionless until he heard the door close behind them; in the brief interval, however, a picture had been impressed upon his senses that was to last forever.

height, slender and graceful even in take you up to my secret hiding place, war ambition will rebel. Then you a swift but enduring glimpse of a cumake something out of life for ricusly pallid, perfectly modeled face; Desmond?" of jet black hair; of a firm, sensitive

expressed in some indefinable way the unvarying temperature of youth. He hurried into the hall, driven by will you ask Miss Lydia to join us for the latent spur of duty. He heard his tea at half-past four?" her. It isn't that, however. There's father's warm, almost gay response to other reason back of his atti- the greetings of the old men, whose eric to Mrs. Brood.

as "the best old boys in all the world," seemed to take in everything. and they were both saying, with spasrascal said."

He was struck by the calm, serene Her smile was friendly, her handshake cordial, and yet there was an unmistakable air of tolerance, as of one who Is accustomed to tribute. She merely smiled and thanked them in simple. commonplace phrases. Her voice was low-pitched and marked by a huskiness that was neculiar in that it was musical, not throaty. Frederic, on first seeing her, had leaped to the conmother's eyes for a long time and that spiritual-in-" she was returning his gaze with some

"And this?" she said, abruptly breaking in upon one of Danbury's hasty reminiscences, effectually ending it, 'this is Frederic?"

She came directly toward the young Her eyes were looking into his with There was no smile on her lips. It as a pronounced crisis.

Frederic mumbled something fatuous about being glad to see her, and to my room? I prefer that you and felt his face burn under her steady not of the servants should be my gaze. His father came forward. "Yes; this is Frederic, my dear," he

said, without a trace of warmth in his voice. As she withdrew her hand from Frederic's clasp, James Brood smiled. A look of relief leaped into extended his. "How are you, Fred-

> "Quite well, sir." They shook hands in the most per-

functory manner. "I need not ask how you are, fain a low voice. His hand rested on ther," said the son, after an instant's hesitation. "You never looked bet- they left the room, side by side. A ter, sir."

"Thank you. I am well. Ah, Mrs. Desmond! It is good to be home mounted the stairs together. mose, too. I imagine she'll insist on again with you all. My dear, permit You have heard me speak of my old impulsively.

"I have heard you speak of Mr. Desmond a thousand times," said his wife. There may have been a shade of emphasis on the prefix, but it was so slight that no one remarked it save the widow of John Desmond, who had

"Will you go to your room at once, Mrs. Brood?" asked Mrs. Desmond. The new mistress of the house had not light returning to his eyes, "so much can't sit still and think of what's go offered to shake hands with her, as I resent the wording of that tele- ing to happen. I'll be back for lunch- James Brood had done. She had moved closer to Frederic and was Half an hour later he was in the smiling in a rather shy, pleading way. moment before. The smile was for

"Thank you, no. I see a nice, big

"Come!" cried her husband. "That's try to thaw out," he added dryly, with a faint smile on his lips.

His wife laid her hand on Frederic's arm. "It is cold outside, Frederic," she said; "very cold. I am not accus-

He was prepared to dislike her. He was determined that his hand should greet the returning master and his bound to come. And now, in a flash, plank. But for the almost peremp- within him like a flood. A queer, tory counsel of Mrs. Desmond, Brood's wistful note of sympathy in her voice son would have absented himself from had done the trick. Something in the house on the day of their arrival. the touch of her fingers on his arm Jones and a footman went to the pier completed the mystery. He was conscious of a mighty surge of relief:

James Brood, a tall, distinguished- the library. James Brood was divestlooking man of fifty, stepped out of ing himself of his coat in the hall, atthe limousine. For an instant, before tended by the leech-like old men. Mrs. great strength, of steel sinews, of inturning to assist his wife from the car, Desmond stood in the doorway, a de- vincible power; Frederic did not sug-

"You must love me, Frederic. You curtains apart and smiling a welcome for your father's sake but for mine. that seemed sincere. He waved his Then we shall be great friends, not antagonists." He was helping her with her coat.

"I confess I looked forward to you with a good deal of animosity," he said.

"But I shall not be a stepmother." she said quickly. Her eyes were seri. power. His gray eyes were keen. ous for an instant, then filled with a glanced up at the window. The smile luminous smile. "I shall be Yvonne still lingered on the young man's lips, to you, and you Frederic to me. Let

"You are splendid!" he cried. not going to be at all bad." "I am sure you will like me." she

said composedly. Brood joined them at the fireside. ready. You will be interested in see-She was slightly above the medium ing the old place. Later on I shall

"She is at work on the catalogue,

ning. Where is your daughter, Mrs.

"But this is a holiday, Mrs. Desmond," said he, frowning. "Jones, "You will adore Lydia," said Fred-

tale, but for the life of me I can't hands he wrung with a fervor that Apparently she did not hear him,

"I am sure I shall be very happy in

Frederic." James Brood started. Unnoticed by

jocular contributions to the occasion. the gloves he carried in his hand. "I never knew my mother," said the young man. "She died when I

was a baby." "But of course this was her home. was it not?"

"I don't know," said Frederic, uncomfortably. "I suppose so. I-I came here a few years ago and-"

"But even though you never knew her, there must still be something clusion that her English would not be here that-that-how shall I say it? perfect. He was somewhat surprised I mean, you must feel that she and in that way. Who was she? Where to discover that she had but the faint- you were here together years and did you meet her and-Oh, I want to est trace of an accent. He awoke sud- years ago. One may never have seen denly, however, to the realization that his mother, yet he can always feel he had been looking into his new step- her. There is something—shall I say

> Her husband broke in upon these unwelcome reflections. His voice was curiously harsh.

"Mrs. Desmond is waiting. Yvonne." She drew herself up. "Are you in such great haste, Mrs. Desmond?" she asked in a voice that cut like a knife. man, her small, gloved hand extended. Instinctively, she glanced at Frederic's face. She saw the muscles of an intentness that disconcerted him. the jaw harden and an angry light leap into his eyes. Instantly her arrowas as if she regarded this moment gance fell away. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Desmond. I have many bad habits. Now will you kindly show me guide. Au revoir, Frederic. Till teatime, James."

Her eyes were sparkling, her husky voice once more full of the appealing quality that could not be denied. The flush of injured pride faded from Mrs. Desmond's brow, and a faint look of surprise crept into her eyes. To her further amazement, the younger woman laid a hand upon her arm and gave it a gentle, friendly pressure.

The men watched them in silence as moment later they heard the soft laughter of the two women as they

Frederic drew a long breath. "She's splendid, father," he said, Brood's face was still clouded. He

did not respond to the eager tribute. Father and son faced each other. They were a striking pair, each in his way an example of fine, clean



'But I Shall Not Be a Stepmother.' She Said, Quickly.

"We shall do our best to keep you manhood. The father was taller by a warmth," he said quite gayly, and was couple of inches than the son, and yet Frederic was nearly six feet in his They had preceded the others into stockings. Both were spare men, erect and gracefully proportioned. Brood gave out the impression of gest physical strength, and yet he was a clean-limbed, well-built fellow. He must be very, very fond of me, not had a fine head, a slim body whose every movement proclaimed nervous energy, and a face that denoted temperament of the most pronounced character. It was not a strong face, nor was it weak; it represented character without force.

On the other hand, James Brood's lean, handsome face was full of steady, compelling and seldom alight with warmth. His jaw was firm, square, resolute, and the lines that sank heavily into the flesh in his cheeks were put there not by age but by the very vigor of manhood. His hair was quite gray.

Frederic waited for his father to speak. But James Brood had noth-"My dear, Mrs. Desmond will show ing to say. "She is very attractive, you over the house when you are father," said the young man at last, almost wistfully. He did not realize it, but he was groping for sympathy. Brood had been in the house for a the long, thick coat that enveloped as they say in books. Ranjab will quarter of an hour, after an absence med the kind you want. Your pride, her. She did not wear a veil. He had have the rooms in order by this eve. of nearly a year, yet his greeting had been cold, casual, matter-of-fact. Frederic expected little more than that; still he felt in a vague way that now, Well, it looks to me as if he means chin. Somehow he received the ex- Mr. Brood, in the jade-room. 'A your if never again, the ice of reserve only for a moment. He was ready and and color and all were what might be willing to do his part.

> Brood was studying the young man's face with an intensity that for the moment disconcerted him. He seemed bent on fixing certain features in his mind's eye, as if his memory had once played him false and should not do door, and swiftly turned. was unmistakable. He heard him for she gave no sign. She was look- so again. It was a habit of Brood's,

present them to the new Mrs. Brood ing about the room with eyes that after prolonged separations, to look room was darkened by means of he wanted to see and yet dreaded, modic cackles of pleasure, that she this dear old house," she said quietly. something that might have escaped just before the stars appear. Objects 'mustn't believe a word the young "Your own mother must have loved it, him when in daily contact with him. were shadowy, indistinct, mysterious. sive scrutiny, he seemed to shake his threw a diverging ray across the full manner in which she accepted these the others, his fingers tightened on head slightly, although one could not have been sure.

tive, Frederic," he said, with a faint flush of the enthusiasm he suppressed. stolid on top of its thick base of out realizing the bluntness of his

eager question. "Who is she?" repeated his father, is Mrs. James Brood."

"I-I beg your pardon," stammered Frederic. "I didn't mean to put it know all there is to tell, father. I've heard nothing. I am naturally curi-

Brood stopped him with a gesture. "She was Yvonne Lestrange, before we were married-Mademoiselle Lestrange. We met some time ago at the house of a mutual friend in Paris. I assure you, her references are all that could be desired." His tone was sarcastic.

Frederic flushed. "I'm sorry I asked the questions, sir," he said, stiffly. Brood suddenly laughed, a quiet laugh that had some trace of humor and a touch of compunction in it. "I beg your pardon, Frederic. Come up to my room and smoke a cigar with me while I'm changing. I'll tell you about her. She is wonderful." To his own surprise, and to Fred-

eric's astonishment, he linked his arm in the young man's and started toward the hall. Afterward Brood was to wonder even more than he wondered then what it was that created the sudden desire to atone for the hurt look he had brought to the eyes of Matilde's son-and the odd longing to touch his arm gently.

### CHAPTER IV.

In the Jade-Room.

Lydia met Brood and Frederic at the top of the stairs. She had received the message through Jones and was on her way to dress for tea. The master of the house greeted her most cordially. He was very fond of this lovely, gentle daughter of John Desmond. Into their association had stolen an intimate note that softened the cold reserve of the man to a marked degree. His chief joy was to chat with her over the work he was doing and to listen to her frank, honest opinions. She regarded herself as his secretary-or his amanuensis, in the strict sense of speaking-but he considered her to be a friend as well, and treated her with a freedom that was not extended to others.

A faint gleam of astonishment lurked in the girl's eyes as she stood experience, had there been such an exhibition of friendliness between father and son. A curious throb of joy rushed up from her heart and lodged in her throat. For the first time she found it difficult to respond with composure to Brood's lively comments. Tears were lying close to the surface eric's told a new story. Her heart to see you, Miss Desmond." rejoiced. "Nonsense!" said Brood when she

announced that she was going to The fragrance of a perfume hitherto change her gown. "You never looked unknown to her separated itself from moment. Come just as you are, to filled the room; it was soft, delicate please me."

"A tea party and an autopsy are very much alike, Mr. Brood," said stuffy room. One could not help draw she. "One can learn a lot at either. Still, if you'd like to have Mrs. Brood lungs demanded its revivifying qualisee me as I really am, I'll appear sans | ties. plumage."

"I'd like it," said he promptly. "I Lvdia."

"I am glad you did not say we would admire each other," said she quaintly. 'You look very happy, Mr. Brood." she went on, her eves bright. "I believe I am happy," said he.

"Then we shall all be happy," was her rejoinder.

She returned to the jade-room on the upper floor, where she had been at work on the catalogue. Brood had a very large and valuable collection of jade. The jade-room, so called, was little more than a large closet off the remarkable room which James Brood was pleased to call his "hiding place," or on occasion, his "retreat." No one ventured into either of these rooms except by special permission.

Ranjab, his Indian servant, slept in an adjoining room, and it was whispered about the house that not even James Brood had viewed its interior. This silent, unapproachable man from the mysterious heart of India, locked his door when he entered the room and locked it when he came out. No one, not even the master, thought of entering. Mr. Dawes, in his cups or out of them, was responsible for the impression that the man kept deadly serpents there. As a matter of fact, Ranjab was a peaceable fellow and desperately afraid of snakes.

Lydia loved the feel of the cold, oily lumps of jade. There were a few pieces of porcelain of extreme rarity and beauty as well, and several priceless bits of cloisonne, but it was the jade she loved. There were two or three hundred objects of various sizes called museum pieces.

She had been at work for half an hour or longer when a noise in the outer room attracted her attention She had the odd feeling that some one was looking at her through the open

for something in the boy's face that heavy window hangings; the effect was that produced by the gloaming Now, at the end of the rather offen- The light from the jade-room door length of the room. In the very center of this bright strip sat a placid "And as charming as she is attrac- effigy of Buddha that Brood had found in a remote corner of Siam, serenely "Who is she?" asked his son, with- bronze and lacquer, with a shining shrine for a background. In the dim edge of the shadow, near the door at the far end of the room, Lydia made raising his eyebrows slightly. "She out the motionless, indistinct figure of a woman. The faint outlines of the face were discernible but not so the



Her Attention.

features. For a moment the girl stared at the watcher and then advanced to

"Who is it?" she inquired, peering. A low, husky voice replied, with a suggestion of laughter in the tones. "I am exploring the house."

Lydia came forward at once. "Oh. it is Mrs. Brood. I beg your pardon Shall I switch on the lights?"

"You are Lydia?" "Yes, Mrs. Brood."

"I have been prowling everywhere Your good mother deserted me when my maid arrived with Ranjah a short time ago. Isn't this the dreadful blue beard room? Shall I lose my head if I am discovered by the ogre?" The girl felt the spell stealing over

her. The low voice of the woman in the shadow was like a sensuous caress. She experienced a sudden long before the two men. Never, in her ing to be closer to the speaker, to listen for the very intake of her breath. "You have already been discovered

by the ogre, Mrs. Brood," said Lydia. gayly, "and your head appears to be quite safe." "Thank you," rather curtly, as if re

pelling familiarity. It was like a dash

may turn on the lights.' I should like The girl crossed the room, passing close to the stranger in the house. so pretty, my dear, as you do at this the odor of sandalwood that always refreshing. It was like a breath of cool, sweet air filtering into a close.

ing in a long, full breath, as if the A soft, red glow began to fill the room as Lydia pulled the cord near am sure you will like each other, the door. As the light grew brighter and brighter the eyes of the stranger

swept the room with undisguised wonder in their depths. "How extraordinary!" she mur mured, and then turned swiftly toward the girl. "Where does it come from?

oh, how lovely!" Lydia was staring at her with wide open eyes, frankly astonished. The eager, excited gleam vanished from Mrs. Brood's lovely eyes. They narrowed ever so slightly.

"Why do you stare at me?" she de manded. "I-I expected-" began Lydia, and stopped in pretty confusion.

"I see. You expected a middle-aged lady, ai-e? And why, pray, should James Brood marry a middle-aged person?"

"I-I don't know. I'm sorry if have offended you."

Mrs. Blood smiled, a gay, pleased little smile that revealed her small. even teeth. "You haven't offended me, my dear," she said. "You offend my husband by thinking so ill of him. that's all." She took the girl in from head to foot with critical eyes. "He said you were very pretty and very lovable. You are lovely. No one wants to be pretty. Yes, you are just

what I expected." Lydia was the taller of the two women: a matter of two inches perhaps, and yet she had the curious feeling that she was looking upward as she gazed into the other's eyes. It was the way Mrs. Brood held herself. Sending a swift glance around the room, she went on: "My husband de lights in having beautiful things about him. He doesn't like the ugly things of this world."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It's a great old world, and if there's a better we've never been in it. Except when occupied by Brood the

sicale at her Fifth avenue house: the joy of the professional politician "New York society is less given to Fuller Gloom, "is a mossgrown, sta- and the despair of those eccentric lion hunting than London society souls who believe that because some- There is a countess in London who is such a lion hunter that a man once said of her: "Why, she always has

The New Process, it is Claimed, Will Make Large Guns Useless.

Another of the series of experiments to determine the resisting power of a certain class of armor was recently conducted with extremely satisfactory results. Fortifica-

destructible and it would be useless to bombard them. It is also useless to try to make a success in life if handicapped by poor health. You lack the strength and stamina necessary to

In the majority of cases of poor health stomach trouble is the real cause; but this can be corrected by carefu, diet and the assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It tones, strengthens and helps the diges tive functions and when the food is proper ly digested, strength and renewed vigor is

sent coursing through the entire system The proper time for action is when you notice the first symptoms of weakness, such as loss of appetite, headache, bloating, heartburn, sour stomach, indigestion or constipation and by resorting to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters you can help Nature ters stomach Ditters you can keep status conquer them. Delay only aggravates mat ters and prolongs your suffering. Take a bottle home with you today but

see that the stamp over the neck is un-

# A Soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed

For Douches In the local treatment of woman's illa, such as leucorrhoea and inflammation, hot louches of Paxtine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever used medicated douches will fail to appreciate the clean and healthy condition Paxtine produces and the prompt relief from soreness and discomfort which follows its use. This is because Paxtine possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties.

For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with woen, which proves its superi-ity. Women who have been relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. large box or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

What They Were Hiding "I honestly b'lieve," remarked Aunt Sarah Jane, "them Oldhams is gettin to be reg'lar Agnostics. They don't keep the family Bible on the center table in the best room now." "Well," replied Aunt Ann Eliza

'tisn't their religion they're hiding It's their age. Them Oldham girls is getting on.' DRINK LOTS OF WATER

### TO FLUSH THE KIDNEYS Eat Less Meat and Take Saits for Backache or Bladder Trouble-Neutralize Acids.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first of her eyes—tears of relief and grati-of cold water to Lydia's spirits. "You you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour. tongue coated and you feel rheumatic

twinges when the weather is bad Eat less meat, drink lots of water: also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts: take a table spoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. also to neutralize the acids in urine. so it no longer is a source of irrita-

tion, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot in jure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyons should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists I can see no lights. And see! There here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to are no shadows, not even beneath the folks who believe in overcoming kidtable yonder. It-it is uncanny-but ney trouble while it is only trouble-

Bacon-In a costly watch that has been made for exhibition purposes there is a wheel that makes a revolution but once in four years, operating a dial that shows the years, months

Egbert-Never do in South America. They could never wait four years for a revolution down there.

## SAGE TEA DARKENS GRAY HAIR TO ANY SHADE. TRY IT!

Keep Your Locks Youthful, Dark, Glossy and Thick With Garden Sage and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture. though, at home is mussy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling.

Gray, faded hair, though no dis grace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger. Adv.

Soul Mates. Knicker-What are soul mates? Bocker-Generally two lefts.-New York Sun.

Granulated Eyelids, sure to Sun, Dust and Wind ickly relieved by Murine EyeRemedy. No Smarting just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salvein Tubes 25c. For Bock of the Eye Free ask Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

# SINGER'S RECIPE FOR HEALTH and I could patch a pair of officer's often when visitors come to my house and makes her fit to fight the world. fied to have every complaint answered prevalent in the swamps of Arkansas

Ime. Schumann-Heink, Operatic Star, Recommends Housework for Ariencan Girls.

ber little feet. But she never never employed a maid. had a maid, and so she had to do apptain to do her own work. From her style; but everybody who tries my way while she sweeps, develops her who lives in abject terror of being un-Blearned to sew and darn stockings, cooking knows it is all right. Very back and her bust at the same time, constitutional, who is perfectly satis

hole near the neckband of a shirt so that you could not tell there had ever My mother was a fine lady. I re- been any hole; in fact, it is due to developed in me a constitution that member her, with her little fine hands this experience of mine that I have has been one of my most valuable pos-

And I learned to cook, too. And to everything herself. She thought it did this day I love to do it. I do not cook not harm a daughter of a major or a in the American, but in the Austrian bed, or pushing furniture out of the les because they have signed them.

was more difficult still, I could darn a apron on and am in the kitchen, cook-

I found that work about the home sessions. There is no work that does

Schumann-Heink in the Saturday What's-his-name because his father Evening Post.

What the Troglodyte Is, and Why. "A troglodyte, my son," said J more to promote health in a girl. tionary gentleman who believes that Sweeping, wrestling with a feather ambitious nations will live up to treat-

did, and who is afraid that anything and everything that has not been done before will disturb business. He is

try to do it. ties, he is especially and painfully hour to carve her Christmas turkey

trousers so neatly that you could not in Chicago I am very sorry; but I I strongly recommend that kind of by wavings of the gur-rand old ful-lag, and the jungles of Wall street." tell where the patch was. And, what cannot see them because I have my work to all American girls.—Mme. who votes for the glorious old party of Kansas City Star. Tuft Hunters. Said a society woman at a mu-

> thing ought to be done they ought to "Although indigenous to all locali- the most fashionable surgeon of the